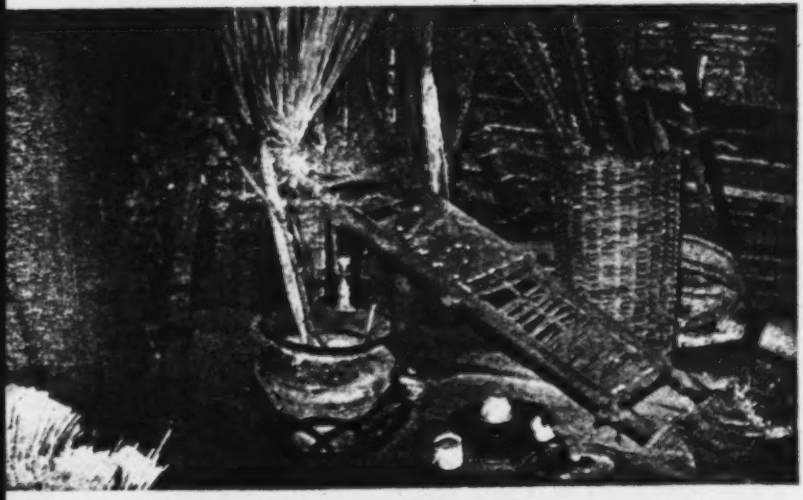
1:Chabot
habot E-5 (1940-1949) 1950 OG6 Makassar OG6

585
602
291
301
482

A cousin (samposikali) of the bridegroom carries the kampu (left in the photograph) with the bride price to the house of the bride. Page 115.

769
778
352
415



The little ancestral house (pantasa') in the attic, with ingredients for the ritual. Page 86.

[END PLATE 3]

the room, and the children looked on from here and there. 156
The Imam was remarkably poised, as are all these folks. 562
Van Heekeren remarked that it is a natural noblesse and 576
courtesy, and added that he believes this is not to be found among the boers of Holland but that it does exist in England. The Imam listened politely as Rahim explained what we were interested in, and van Heekeren and I broke in from time to time in Malay. They spoke Makassarese which has many [197]
words which are easy to understand as it is similar to Malay. I think I could learn it in a short time. Both Rahim and van 123
Heekeren said that the reason we went to see these leading people [i.e. the local karaëng and imam--Analyst] was that later, if we had not, they might be against me, for they would hear of me and say, "Why didn't he come to see me too?," therefore it seems wise to see every key man first and pay the proper respects to them. Rahim said that this 793
Imam is modern. Also, he is the leading religious man in 624
the district. The organization runs something like this. At the head is the karaëng, and together with him is the head imam of the mosque (like mukim Atjeh?). There is also a secretary in the district. I wonder if there is a district council or if there are other officers? Then, in each kampong, there is a chief, a Mohammedan teacher, and possibly other officers (?). The karaëng, in all important questions, asks for the advice of the kampong chiefs. They speak to the elders. Of the latter there is no set number, and no formal council. Thus there is a notable difference from Java and Sumatra. These elder, noted men in each kampong (Rahim said there are perhaps ten in Balombaru) give their opinion, and the chiefs then pass on the opinion to the karaëng.

The wife of the Imam served us coffee and native cake 609
which was heavy but good. We sat in chairs, of which there 574
were plenty. Rahim explained our plan forcefully and well. 352●
The Imam got it all, and seemed well impressed. The point 156
was made that Indonesia is an important place and should be better known in the United States. The Imam remarked favor- [114]
ably on the native living of both Cense and Chabot, who, when in the kampongs, ate with their hands. Cense was evidently like a father to them. I noted that Rahim told the story regarding my reading in the literature that the Makassarese were supposed to be hard folk and then about the people giving me bananas on the way back to Makassar from Malino. The Imam was impressed and amused. This is a good story for me as it shows the necessity of more knowledge. I am constantly impressed by the self possession of this Imam.

361 Finally, we left, and went to the center of Balombaru.
346 Then we went off on a side road, well away from the main kampong, where the karaeng, imam and the mosque are located. The road is dusty and bumpy. Upon arrival there we went to Rahim's house. He pointed out his mother who seemed to be a rather old woman, but who was nursing a child, I thought. In front of the house, which was not too good, was a Koran school which consisted merely of a covered place with a platform and a few benches. Here were about three small boys sitting around. It is almost a part of the house and seemed to me to show the tendency to crowd things together. No teacher was present so far as I could see, but there was one small boy, perhaps nine years old, who had
576 a Koran open and was looking at it. We went into the small
593 front yard of the house and out came Rahim's father. He was an old fellow, very self-possessed, and I found out later that he is a thatcher. There were nipa bundles and thatch layers all around. I noticed that Rahim paid practically no attention to his mother. He talked apparently without any emotion or formality to his father, and with no show of pleasure. I wonder if this is normal (Rahim is a Mohammedan).

123 Then we went to the house of one of the kampong elders
342 after Rahim had explained to his father what I was doing. This
●352 elder's house was in pretty good condition, with a sitting room
177 under the main part, that is, in the fenced underpart which is evidently not usually used for living. All of these houses have stairs leading to the main part of the house. And in most cases there are a few boards over an open gutter in front. As we talked I noted a girl next door pounding rice. We sat down
123 after the old man came in, around a table using chairs just as
291 in a European house. The old man was dressed in a European
177 style shirt. All these older people seemed to wear a type of plaited songkok [a cap or hat, especially of a type worn by Moslems], while the younger folks wore felt ones. This
000 fellow was very dignified. Then two others came in. One was evidently a storekeeper, the other one I am not sure. They were a bit more giggly, but not markedly so. The old man was very impressive. Rahim gave a long recital, again including the Malino story. One of the wives was very amused by it and he went over it again. Nothing was served here. I
203 found out about the administrative structure of the village as
666 above. I also found out about elections. Rahim said that when
624 elections were held, or there was another important matter
596 to be discussed, a drum is beaten to call all the men to a meeting. The karaeng stands there but says nothing. Beside